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S. E. WELCH, JR.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

HEREA, KENTUCKY

DECEMBER—1899.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

SOLON FORGIUM, a Parisian sculptor, has been in South Dakota for the last three months making models in clay of Indians for the Paris exposition. He found some fine specimens of the American aborigines among the Sioux at the Crow Creek agency, South Dakota, and succeeded in working up a half dozen models.

SPEAKING OF big salaries, the biggest on record was paid to George Gould. For ten years' work his father gave him \$5,000,000. The account went down as "for services rendered." That was at the rate of \$500,000 a year. The highest salary ever paid a railroad president was \$75,000 a year that went to Sir William C. Van Horn when he was president of the Canadian Pacific.

THE "Kreuz Zeitung" asserts that the Boers are using English cartridges from Kynochs, where Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's brother is a large shareholder. When war was seen to be inevitable, Kynochs underbid the German dealers and secured a big contract for cartridges which they shipped as hardware, thus escaping seizure, though they were landed just before the outbreak of the war.

THE word "God" never appeared in any government act until the year 1894 when, at the suggestion of the director of the mint, ex-Gov. Pollock, of Pennsylvania, "In God We Trust" was stamped on the copper two-cent piece. Before that time, "E Pluribus Unum" had been the motto. Strange to relate, "E Pluribus Unum" on coins never was authorized by law. Like Topsy, it just grew. Nearly all the constitutions mention God.

As the result of investigation by a South Carolina lawyer, Gov. McQueeney has called on the governors of the southern states to join him in getting all southern congressmen to support a bill for refunding to rightful owners \$11,000,000 now in the United States treasury as the proceeds of cotton seized during and immediately after the civil war and sold by treasury officials. The governor is assured that action on this line will be unanimous.

SYSTEMS of electrically lighting railroad cars, particularly dining cars, sleepers and parlor cars, in which the current is generated by a dynamo geared to the car axle, are in use on a number of railroad lines in this country. The high speed at which these cars travel makes such an arrangement quite satisfactory and easy to work out, current being supplied during stoppages of the train from storage batteries charged when the train is running.

CONTRARY to the general opinion, more people go mad during the summer months than in the usually gloomy and dull months of November, December and January, when times are bad and the general conditions appear more conducive to insanity. Not only in this country but also in many others, it is found that more people go mad during May, June and July than during any other portion of the year, and that suicide—which is due to some form of insanity—is also more prevalent during the summer.

INASMUCH as the electrolysis, which, according to experts, is causing rapid deterioration of the New York elevated railroad structures, comes supposedly from a current carried over the Brooklyn bridge, it is feared the bridge itself may be undergoing damage from the same cause. The places where electrolysis would be the most dangerous to the structure are at the anchors of the cables, which, being covered with masonry, can not be inspected. If, however, the moisture has been excluded there is no danger of electrolysis.

CARSTON TISSANDIER, the French aeronaut, is dead. Originally a chemist, he devoted himself to the problem of directing balloons, and rendered important services during the siege of Paris. His most memorable ascent was made in the balloon Zenith, in 1875, with Sivel and Croc-Spinielli, when, after reaching a height of over 60,000 feet, the balloons became unconscious, and on reaching the ground again, it was found that Tissandier's two companions were dead. He was 52 years of age.

ADVICES received from Sardinia report a most deplorable state of poverty and famine among the peasantry owing to the almost total failure of this year's grain and olive crops. The meager pasturage is almost entirely exhausted and the cattle are rapidly being decimated. The shepherds and cattle drivers of the country live on wild figs and in many parts of the country the peasantry live on bread made of ground acorns and barley. Expulsions and expropriations have attained an unprecedented figure and those who were able to pay their rent are now destitute.

DARLING.

So oft, my friend, you speak of her, It bids my inner being stir. And who is darling, this I pray? A sunny child, a bud of May, Whose laugh and shout and cherub face, At every time, in every place, Are of your heart its sweet employ— Is this your darling, this your joy?

Ah no! I see it is in truth A maiden in the growth of youth, As lovely as a morn in June, There scarce could be a sweeter boon: Expectancy upon her face, The dewdrop clearness in her eye, As blue and soft as yonder sky.

My darling is not thus, ah no! Her eye hath no lustrous glow, Her brow bears marks of age and care, Like symbols, too, her cheek doth wear: Her hands are trembling, pallid, weak, Her steps her feebleness doth speak, Her voice has quavers in its tone, The verge of life by her is won.

And yet to me more passing fair Than sunny child or maiden are, That face where age has set its sign, Her patient smile almost divine, And those dim eyes have holy light, As if they saw beyond our sight, The hands so trembling, pale and weak Of long and faithful service speak.

These marks of beauty, friend, are such, Not age nor sense, but heart that touch; They tell me in a little while I'll find the patient face and smile, I touch her lips, I grasp her hand, With reverent awe before her stand, And whisper soft, ay, tenderly, My mother darling is to me. —Christian Work.



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CHAPTER XVI. FRIEND OR FOE.

I used to sup alone in my rooms, occasionally asking St. Armande to join me; and after supper we dined together for an hour or so, for very small points. He was an infant at the game, and I taught him a good deal, so much so that after a little practice, for he was very quick with his wrist, he mastered my favorite throw, and one evening after returning from the Vatican he knocked me up in my room, and flung on the table a bag of gold pieces.

"Three hundred of them, cavalier!" he said; "I won them from Fabrizio Colonna, who is looking green with rage. If your purse is running short, they are at your service. Ha! I see a flask of Orvietto—may I?" and he poured himself out a goblet, at which he began to sip, in apparent defiance of his vow.

"The devil!" I exclaimed, "but you are flying at high stakes, cavalier. Your Picard estates must be broad. Thanks all the same for your offer, but my purse is as full as I want it at present."

He leaned back in his chair, with a pink flush on his delicate features.

"I meant no offense, cavalier; but what is the use of money unless one can share it with a friend?"

"There was no offense taken, St. Armande," I replied; "and if you will take none, I would like to have my say at you." He looped one finger in his golden mustache, and showed his even teeth in his smile, as he said: "Speak on."

"Then, cavalier, it seems to me a thousand pities that a young man like you would waste your time here, as you appear to be doing. I understood you to say you had never seen a sword drawn in earnest as yet—and your mustache is grown! Take my advice. Play no more for gold pieces with Colonna or anyone else. Mount your horse, and join Tremouille at once."

"Ah! that is good," he said; "and why does the grave and revered Cavaliere Donati waste his time here, hanging at the heels of a churchman, and moping o' nights like an owl on a ruined wall, instead of stirring the times himself with the point of his sword?"

With any other I would have been annoyed; with the youth before me I was slightly amused, and at the same time a trifle surprised. Hitherto he had appeared so shy and reserved, and now, of a sudden, he had thrown this off, and had put on an air which I had not noticed before, but which became him vastly. I set it down to the fact that perhaps he was slightly warmed with wine, having apparently absolved himself from his vow; although of course I did not appear to notice this last, as he was in a manner my guest. I therefore made reply:

"My reasons for my action, cavalier, are good, and when the time comes I promise you I shall not be found sleeping."

The gentle reproof in my words seemed to bring him back to his old self, for by the light of the candles I observed him flush scarlet, and that curious look which recalled a strange resemblance to some one I knew, but could not remember, came over his features. I began to relent as I saw his confusion, almost as soon as I had spoken; and added, "I may say that the time is not far distant—that it is a matter of days only."

"Take me with you." He asked this almost in a tone of entreaty, keeping his eyes away from me, however, and nervously twisting at his mustache. "And your secretary, as you call him, the abbe?"

"Oh, he will come, too, and we could consult with him."

I hesitated for a second, and then made answer:

"Very well. Only you must be prepared to start at a moment's notice, and there will probably be hard riding and hard fighting, and there is yet another thing."

"What is that?"

"You must come as a simple volunteer, and must make no inquiry as to what the business is on which I am engaged. I risk my life for my own purposes; if you wish to do likewise you are welcome to join me, on the condition I have stated."

"I assent with pleasure."

"Then that is settled, and I have a new comrade."

"Hurrah!" and he raised his glass to his lips.

After that he retired, it being late. I saw him across the courtyard as far as his apartments, and then, returning to my rooms, unconsciously took the chair St. Armande had vacated. The goblet of wine he had filled was before me, and I idly lifted it in my hand. It was barely touched. In fact he could but have tasted a few drops only.

Like lightning a suspicion of treachery came on me. The man had been pretending to drink. With what object? I could not make out. Perhaps so, and if then? I had been a fool to agree to his joining me, with that sour-looking abbe of his. Yes, I had been a fool, but it was lucky I discovered my own folly in time. I should keep my eyes shut this sullen diplomat, and if necessary pick a quarrel with him, and run him through. Somehow I did not like the idea of this, however; but determined to get rid of him in one way or the other. I would allow nothing to stand between me and the road back to honor. So musing, I sat for a half-hour or so, and was startled by Jacopo's sudden entry, so lost was I in thought.

He came and stood, bolt upright, next to my chair, without saying a word. I knew from this that he had some request to make, some favor to ask, as otherwise he would not have hesitated to make play with his tongue at once.

"What is it, Jacopo?"

He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and then replied:

"Your excellency, I want leave."

"Leave! What for? You are not going to be married, are you?"

"Heaven and the saints forbid, excellency. No—not now, at least, it is only leave for the day I want, and also for our men."

"The devil! What are you going to do?"

"Only a little dinner, excellency, which I am giving."

"And wasting those crowns you got the other day. Well, that is your affair, not mine. Yes, you can have the leave."

"A hundred thanks, excellency."

"Mind you, there must be no brawling, no quarreling, and no mischief of any kind."

"Excellency."

"Well, good night, and remember what I say. Here, you may remove this wine-cup as you go."

"Good night, signore," and Jacopo, lifting the goblet, went out. The night being fairly warm, I kept my door open, and as he passed into the portico I saw him drain the contents of the goblet with a gulp, and heard him draw his lips together with a smack of approval, and march off to his quarters, chuckling at something or other.

The following afternoon I rode out with Bayard and half a dozen others. It was a hawk party, and there was a long gallop to our point of operation, which was to begin a little way beyond Ponte Molle. In a short time we started a noble heron, and Bayard flinging his perrine into the air, rode after the birds. It was a glorious ride, and Castor and Pollux far outstripped the others, so much so that when we drew rein beside the stricken heron, and Bayard slipped the hood onto his hawk, our companions were not in sight. This, however, troubled us little, and turning rein we made backwards. On our way back, I seized the opportunity to mention to Bayard that St. Armande had volunteered to aid me in my task, and that I had accepted his offer.

"It will do him good," he said; "he seems a noble youth, who has been tied too long to a broomstick."

"Do you think so?" I said; "he strikes me as being effeminate to a degree—and yet I cannot help liking him."

"He has a wonderful pure mind," said Bayard; "the boy, for he is no less, is as innocent as a child."

"The Vatican will not improve him then, especially if he plays for gold crowns with Colonna."

"Plays for gold crowns?" exclaimed Bayard; "you are surely mistaken, cavalier."

"Did he not do so last night, my lord? I understood he won three hundred off Fabrizio?"

"Impossible," said Bayard; "I was at the Vatican last night, and the party in which Colonna was playing consisted of Strigonia, Mgr. Florido, our lord the pope, and Colonna himself—no more. St. Armande was standing hard at hand for some little time, but never took a wager. In fact, he passed most of the evening with Giulia Bella, throwing a late, much to the annoyance of his holiness, who should say it would be well for him to quit Rome."

"Then I am wrong," I said; "yes, I fancy it would be well for him to quit Rome."

By this time the others came up, and we said no more. As we went back to Rome, I dropped a little behind, reflecting on what Bayard had told me. I was certain that St. Armande had led me to, and I began to feel sure he had done this not for my good, but in order to get me to see that innocent-looking boy, with his shy, retiring manners and apparent want of knowledge of the world, was nothing more nor less than an accomplished actor. Then again he was a Frenchman, and how came he, obviously fresh from France, to become an agent of the Medici plotters, for so I put him down to be? There were the letters from Mme. de la Tremouille, his introductions were unimpeachable, the cardinal believed in him—the whole thing was contradictory. Above all, there was my strong personal liking for St. Armande. In his presence I never felt that secret warning which all men feel when they are with an enemy. I have never known it fail with me, and with St. Armande there was no such warning, no such silent signal which goes straight from soul to soul. On the contrary, I felt he was almost more than friendly towards me, and I felt, in my turn towards him, despite our short acquaintance, very nearly the same protective feeling that one has towards a defenseless child. As may be imagined, I was in no very comfortable frame of mind about this, and rode back silently, revolving the point. When we reached the palace, almost the first person I met was St. Armande, and as I dismounted he came up to me with a cordial greeting, and asked:

"Well, cavalier, good sport, I trust?"

"Very," I replied, shortly, and then looked him straight in the face as I added: "Do you intend to give the Colonna his revenge to-night?"

Something in my tone caught him, he met my eyes for a moment, then dropped his gaze, and looked towards the ground. We stood thus before each other for a little time before he replied, and his voice was almost inaudible.

"Perhaps—I am not sure," he added, with an effort.

I was standing, holding Castor's reins; but as he spoke I handed the horse over to a groom, and, linking my arm in St. Armande's, said, loudly, and with a tone of affected gayety:

"You missed a great ride, cavalier—come take a turn with me in the garden."

He yielded passively, and in a few steps we had crossed the courtyard and were in a secluded portion of the palace gardens that was called the Lemon walk. This I may add was subsequently improved out of existence by the architect, in the course of completion of the palace and grounds. When we reached this point, I unslipped my arm, and, turning round, faced St. Armande, having resolved to end my suspicions.

"See here, cavalier," I said, "I am playing for heavy stakes, I am walking on dangerous ground, and must know where I put my feet, will you answer a plain question? Are you friend or foe?"

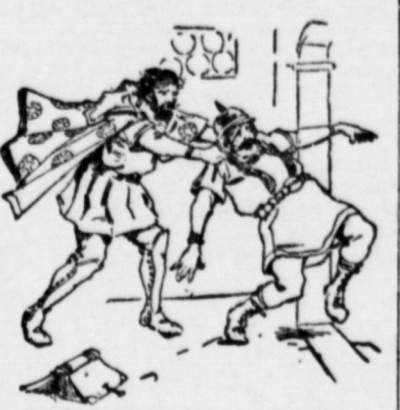
He looked round in a helpless sort of way, his color coming and going, but said nothing. "Was it possible the man was a coward?"

"If you do not reply," I said, "I will take the risk, and treat you as an enemy, do you hear? You lied to me when you said last night you had played at the Vatican with Colonna—now draw." I pulled out my weapon, and stood before him, expecting every instant to see his rapier in his hands; but he stood absolutely still, his head hanging down.

"Man," I said, "have you not heard? Am I to think you a coward as well as a liar?"

"How dare you say that!" he burst out.

"You—you of all men—Oh! what am I saying?"



Setting Jacopo by the neck, elected him.

ing? Yes, I did not play with Colonna; but I thought you were hard pressed for money, and—invented the fiction, thinking that perhaps—"

"That perhaps I would accept your winnings over the gambling table, rather than the offer of a friend. You do me much honor, cavalier."

"You wrong me, Savelli—nay, start not. I know your name and story, and, before heaven, I say I am your friend."

"You know me?"

"Yes, I am working for you; come, put by your sword. Look at me! Do I look like an enemy?"

He had recovered himself, and met my gaze fearlessly. Where could I have seen that face before? I drew my hand over my forehead as if to sweep the cobwebs from my memory, but with no avail.

"Well," he went on, with a smile, "do I look like an enemy? If I do, your sword is ready. Strike now, it will be quick ridance; come!"

I put back my sword with a snap.

"I do not understand, but I accept your explanation."

He held out his hand frankly.

"That is right, and you will still let me be your comrade?"

I took his grasp.

"Yes, if you wish it."

We walked back together in silence, and on reaching the courtyard St. Armande said:

"I am afraid I have fallen much in your esteem."

"My esteem, cavalier, is at present of no value to man or woman."

"Do you think so?" he said, and then, rapidly: "Adieu for the present; remember, I hold you to your word that you think me a friend."

I made no answer, and he ran lightly up the steps of the principal entrance.

I spent that evening for a change with the gentlemen of the suite; but St. Armande was not there, and there were a few free remarks made concerning the manner in which he was supposed to have been received at the Vatican by Giulia Orsini and Lucrezia Borgia.

"If it goes on like this," said Le Clerc, "we will have to drag the Tiber for his body, and say masses for his soul, unless he puts the seas between himself and the Borgia."

"He never struck me as a man to run after the ladies," I said.

"No," replied the abbe, "but it is the other way. You would stand no chance against him, cavalier, for all your long mustache—a thousand thanks, and the genial Le Clerc seized the flagon of Orvietto I passed to him, and filled his goblet.

After this the conversation changed, and I shortly retired to my apartments, dismissing my lackey, sat down to read a book on falconry that the cardinal had lent me. I had not been occupied thus for an hour when the door opened, and Jacopo cautiously peeped in. He withdrew his head on catching my eye, and I heard him shuffling outside.

"Come in."

"Excellency," and the sound of further shuffling, but no Jacopo. I lost patience at this, and fearing at the same time that there had been trouble, repeated my order to come in sharply. This had the desired effect; but as soon as my henchman appeared in view I made certain there had been a brawl. He was very red in the face, and from under the helmet he wore I could see a white bandage.

"What the devil does this mean, Jacopo?" I asked, sternly.

"I have come to report, excellency."

"You hardly appear in a fit state to do so."

"Perfectly fit, excellency," and Jacopo drew himself up to attention and saluted.

"Is the matter of importance? For, if not, you had better come to-morrow."

"Yes, your excellency—matter of importance. By your worship's leave, as you are aware, I gave a dinner to-day, and we had—"

"Never mind what you had; to the point."

"Boiled meat with sauce, sausages with garlic, a risotto alla Milanese—"

"I do not care what you had—go on, fool."

"I am going on, excellency. Where was I—a risotto did I say? And bread made with yeast. And for drink, signore—"

"I doubt not you had store of that, Jacopo."

"But a dozen flagons or so of wine, your worship—all rosso."

"Jacopo—you will be good enough to retire at once."

"I am retiring, excellency; but my report."

"Will do for to-morrow."

"As your worship desires; but we have burnt the inn."

"What?"

"The inn, where we rested the day of our arrival in Rome, your worship. What with one thing and another, the landlord footed up his bill to four crowns. And I said to my friends: 'What! are honest soldiers to pay like this? Whereat there was trouble, excellency; but we came off best.'"

I rose without a word, and seizing Jacopo by the neck, ejected him from the room, with, I am sorry to say, very considerable violence.

Cursing myself for my folly in having been so generous, I laughed the door after him, and returned to my book. I could not, however, read, for my mind was full of the consequences that might arise from this mad freak of my followers, and I determined to seek out the cardinal the next day, and obtain his permission to move out of Rome to some quieter spot, and there await his instructions. Amidst it all, however, I could not help being pleased at the thought that retributive justice had overtaken the souldier tavern-keeper, the memory of whose bed made me shudder. I had no doubt that Jacopo was speaking the truth, and that, even as he spoke, the flames were sputtering merrily above that den of thieves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

The Remarkable Performance of a Musician in Testing His Endurance of Heat.

On June 28, 1828, an experiment was made at Paris to ascertain the power of a man to endure heat. The experimenter was a Spaniard of Andalusia, named Martinez, aged 43. His performance took place before a gathering of about 200 people, including several doctors and men of science. An oven, made in the shape of a dome, had been heated for four hours by a very powerful fire. The Spaniard remained in it for 14 minutes, with the metallic thermometer registering between 45 and 50 degrees, 50 being the highest graduation on it. He sang a Spanish song while a fowl roasted by his side. When he came out his pulse throbbed out 134 pulsations a minute, although it had been only 72 on his entering his fiery furnace.

Preparations were then made for a second experiment, the oven's heat being greatly intensified. Martinez returned to his inferno, where he partook of a meal, during which he consumed the fowl that had been roasted by his side at the first experiment, washing it down with a bottle of claret.

At the conclusion of his banquet he left the oven, when it was found that his pulse had risen to 176, indicating a heat of 280 degrees Fahrenheit.

Then the third and last experiment was commenced. This time the Spaniard reclined on a plank in the oven, surrounded by lighted candles, and the door of the room was closed. Soon a stream of melted tallow began to flow under the door, and at the end of five minutes the spectators demanded that the door be opened. The human salamander's pulse now beat 200 times to the minute.

When he emerged from his amateur hades Martinez plunged into a cold bath, and three minutes later was going about as well as ever, without feeling any bad effects. And we grumble and growl when we are called upon to endure a trifle of 60 degree heat.

In Algiers the French troops think nothing of marching and drilling at a heat of 122 degrees above zero. During a visit to a tribe of Tuaregs, in the Sahara, a scientist observed a heat of 133 degrees. Attendants in Turkish baths work ten hours on end in rooms where the air is artificially heated to 155, 175 and even 195 degrees Fahrenheit.—Chicago Chronicle.

Settling the Boy's Career.

An old Dutchman had a beautiful boy, of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted a very novel method by which to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whiskey and a silver dollar.

"Now," said he, "ven dot boy comes in, ef he dakes dot dollar, he's goin' to be a beensiz man; ef he dakes dot Bible, he'll be a bracher; ef he dakes dot whiskey, he's no goot—he's goin' to be a drunkard; and he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose."

In came the boy, whistling. He ran up to the table and picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm, then he snatched up the bottle of whiskey and took two or three drinks, and went out smacking his lips. The old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed:

"Mine gracious—he's going to be a bollitician!"—Boston Traveler.

Sweet Enough.

Nobody can pay a prettier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses his tongue and wit are never nimbler than when he employs them in the service of "blarney." A young professor from Dublin was entertained over night by an American professor at his summer home on the coast of Maine. At breakfast the next morning the little daughter of the house, who sat next the young Irishman, saw with amazement that he put no sugar in his tea. "Wouldn't you like even one lump of sugar in your tea?" she asked, solicitously. "My papa likes three lumps." "Since you have looked into the cup, my little maid, the tea is quite sweet enough," responded the young professor, gallantly.—Youth's Companion.

But He Kept on Talking.

Biggs—When it comes to absence of mind, that barber across the way swoops the pot.

Diggs—Why, what has he been doing?

"I went into his shop to get my hair cut this morning, and he planned a newspaper around my neck and gave me a towel to read."—Chicago Evening News.

FRUITS GOOD AND BAD.

International S. S. Lesson for Dec. 17, 1899.—Text, Malachi 3:13 to 4:6.—Memory Vs. 10-18.

(Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.) GOLDEN TEXT.—Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6:7. COMPARE Malachi 3:1-6, also Matthew 11:7-15.

Ralph Ringwood.

A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from Nov. 29.)

While here, I purchased a rifle, and practised daily at a mark, to prepare myself for a hunter's life. When sufficiently recruited in strength I resumed my journey.

At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed family boat, technically called a broad-horn, a prime river conveyance in those days. In this ark for two weeks I floated down the Ohio. The river was as yet in all its wild beauty. Its loftiest trees had not been thinned out. The forest overhung the water's edge, and was occasionally skirted by immense canebrakes. Wild animals of all kinds abounded.

In this way we glided past Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West," as she is now called, then a mere group of log-cabins; and the site of the bustling city of Louisville, then designated by a solitary house. As I said before, the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest, forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green River with the Ohio I landed, bade adieu to the broad-horn, and struck for the interior of Kentucky. I had no precise plan; my only idea was to make for one of the wildest parts of the country. I had relatives in Lexington and other settled places, whom I thought it probable my father would write to concerning me; so, as I was full of manhood and independence, and resolutely bent on making my way in the world without assistance or control, I resolved to keep clear of them all.

In the course of my first day's trudge I shot a wild turkey, and slung it on my back for provisions.

At length I came to where a gang of half-starved wolves were feasting on the carcass of a deer which they had run down, and snarling and snapping, and fighting like so many dogs. One, larger and fiercer than the rest, seemed to claim the larger share, and to keep the others in awe. "This," thought I, "must be the captain; if I can kill him, I shall defeat the whole army." I accordingly took aim, fired, and down dropped the old fellow; all the rest ran off, and my victory was complete.

This was my first camping out in the real wilderness, and I was soon made sensible of the loneliness and wildness of my situation.

In a little while a concert of wolves commenced; there might have been a dozen or two, but it seemed to me as if there were thousands. I never heard such howling and whining. Having prepared my turkey, I divided into two parts, thrust two sticks into one of the halves, and planted them on end before the fire, the hunter's mode of roasting. The smell of roast meat quickened the appetites of the wolves, and their concert became truly infernal. They seemed to be all around me, but I could only now and then get a glimpse of one of them, as he came within the glare of the light.

I did not much care for the wolves, who I knew to be a cowardly race, but I had heard terrible stories of panthers, and began to fear their stealthy prowls in the surrounding darkness. I was thirsty and heard a brook bubbling and tinkling along at no great distance, but absolutely dared not go there, lest some panther might lie in wait and spring upon me. By and by a deer whistled. I had never heard one before, and thought it must be a panther. I was so possessed with the dread of panthers, that I could not close my eyes all night, but lay watching the trees until daybreak, when all my fears were dispelled with the darkness.

Having breakfasted on the remainder of my turkey and slacked my thirst at the bubbling stream, without further dread of panthers, I resumed my wayfaring with buoyant feelings. I saw deer, but, as usual, running, running, running! I tried in vain to get a shot at them, and began to fear I never should. I was gazing with vexation at the scampering herd when I was startled by a human voice. Turning round, I saw a man at a short distance from me in a hunting-dress.

"What are you after, my lad?" cried he.

"Those deer," replied I, pettishly; "but it seems as if they never stand still."

Upon this he burst out laughing.

"Where are you from?" said he.

"From Richmond."

"What! In old Virginia?"

"The same."

"How on earth did you get here?"

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

The school at this place was out Thursday.

Miss Dora Bengo was the guest of Miss Julia Riddell, last week.

Sunday-school at the Christian Church every Sunday evening at 2:30.

Mrs. Frank Hays, of Berea, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hudson, this week.

Mrs. Eva Riddell was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Riddell, last week.

Miss Dora Bratcher, who has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Miss Martha Sandlin pleasantly entertained Mr. Raleigh Harris, of White's Station, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ada Hurd has returned to her home after a week's stay with her sister, Mrs. James Harris, of Irvine.

Rev. James Young preached interesting sermons to large congregations Thanksgiving day, both morning and night.

Miss Anna Ogg has returned home after her delightful visit with friends at Speedwell, where she attended meeting at the Baptist Church.

Miss Martha Sandlin will entertain a few of her young friends at her beautiful home Saturday night. Music will be the order of the evening.

Miss Maud Daniels, who was to be the guest of her cousin, Miss Mattie Young, did not arrive on account of the sudden illness of her little brother.

Rev. Tipton, of Estill Co., is conducting a few days' meeting at the Christian Church. Rev. Parsons will also begin a protracted meeting at the Baptist Church Saturday night.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Miss Helen Brigman's school is out to-day.

Ivan Davidson, Jr., has a very sick child.

Mrs. Jenny Smith visited relatives here Sunday.

Wm. Means is building a new house.

Wm. Swafford is engaged in clearing up land.

Alex Smith has moved where Lawson lived.

Benjamin Jackson has a job of hauling staves to Flat Lick.

A Mr. Dyer passed through here selling spectacles last week.

Stoke Lawson has built a house and is living on Ivan Davidson's land.

Marshall Davidson moved into the house with Ivan Davidson last week.

Thomas Holcomb went to Barbourville Wednesday after a new lot of goods.

T. J., and J. H. Frederick have returned from North Jellico, where they have been at work.

Richard Smith was severely hurt while attempting to shoot a crow. His gun, being too heavily charged, exploded.

Bright Shade.

Mrs. M. Smith visited relatives on Otter Creek during the week.

M. H. Frederick completed his school here, Wednesday.

Noah Valentine passed here on his way to Bear Creek.

Jas. Smith, of Spring Creek, is visiting Bright Shade.

Oliver Wagers has nearly completed his logging job. He has put in about seven hundred logs.

Woodson Swafford, of Ogle, and a daughter of Harris Smith, are expected to get married soon.

SCRIPTOR SILVAE.

Jackson County.

Evergreen.

Miss Hettie Lakes' school is out.

Mr. James Walker is talking of moving permanently to Louisville.

There are several pupils in this vicinity preparing for school at Berea.

Mr. John Amyx is talking about selling his farm and going to Madison Co.

Mr. Geo. C. Moore, who is teaching Pine Grove school, has five weeks yet to teach. We regret our school is so soon to close.

We have a protracted meeting in this vicinity, led by Mr. M. K. Pasco and wife, of Berea, also Rev. Mason Jones, of Combs, Ky. We are having a large attendance.

Clover Bottom.

Franklin Engle of McKee has been visiting relatives here.

Principal Marsh was calling in this neighborhood week before last.

R. Parsons passed through here on his way home from Drip Rock.

Dr. Daugherty returned from Louisville, but is unable to take care of his patients, owing to his own illness.

Miss Talitha Gay's school closed Dec. 1st with an exhibition largely attended by the people from adjoining districts.

Miss Ollie Hatfield is expected home this week from Tenn. where she has been for nearly eighteen months for the benefit of her health. Her friends will be glad to know she is stronger than when she left.

Leslie County.

Hyden.

W. W. Baxter, Sunday school missionary, was with us last week.

Born to the wife of John Maury, Nov. 22, a fine girl.

H. H. Bailly and family are moving to Laurel County. We regret to lose them.

Eversole & Co's new brick store will be ready for occupancy with the new year.

Dr. Birchell, of Manchester, has been in Hyden examining applicants for life insurance. Several have insured.

Several of the District schools are out and the teachers are preparing to spend the winter in some one of the higher institutions of learning.

Only one person was convicted and sentenced to the state prison at this term of court. The next court will be held in the new court house.

Miss Mary Doah Bradshaw, the new music teacher of the academy, makes a good impression and will prove a useful member of the faculty.

Thanksgiving Services at the Presbyterian Church were very interesting, and a large audience was present. Jude Brown made a splendid address.

FIRE-SIDE INDUSTRY REWARDED.

At the opening of the Winter Term, Dec. 13, Berea College will buy from students homespun products, allowing on their term bills as follows:

Linen, homespun, 30 to 40c a yard.

Woolsey, " 40 to 50c a yard.

Jeans, " 40 to 50c a yard.

Well woven bed-covers, well matched, two yards wide, and seven feet long, \$6.00.

Extra price for home-made dyes in woolsey and jeans. Make the best and get the best price. There will be another chance to sell home products at the opening of the Spring Term Mar. 14. Keep every loom going.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Boys Who Succeed.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nursery man in New York state, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Maybe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with \$200 or \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at 40 cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was truth. The quick wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—Springfield Republican.

Who of Us Know.

Who of us know
The heartaches of the men we meet
Each day in passing on the busy street,
The woes and cares that press them,
Forebodings that distress them—
Who of us know?
Who of us think
Of how hot tears have chased the smiling cheek
Of some we meet who would not dare to speak
The pangs they feel, the burdens that they bear,
Each hour that passes through the solemn year—
Who of us think?
Who of us care
To try to think and know their pain and grief,
And help to bring to breaking hearts relief,
To help to bear the burdens of their care
By tender word and loving look and prayer—
Who of us care?
—S. C. Allen, in Baltimore Methodist.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

"Thanksgiving day" has come and gone, but no one will ever be thankful upon that day unless he cultivates a habit of thanksgiving from hour to hour. Early next spring must the turkey for next Thanksgiving be hatched, and even now it is not too soon to begin to prepare our hearts and lives for the spiritual part of the feast.

You have all heard of the old lady who made it her regular, daily habit to "count up her mercies." It is a very good plan and would save us from a great deal of the anxiety and worry of our lives if we would more often count up the blessings that make us happy every day.

I would suggest that we each spend a half hour in writing out a list of the blessings that are ours. I do not know any better way to win new blessings than to appreciate those that we have.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the one whose face beams with cheerful thankfulness is the one to whom new gifts of friends and opportunities and success are most likely to come.

I want to name one of the many things that I am thankful for, that we can, if we will, make ourselves in to useful, successful men and women.

Of course I am talking to you boys and girls; the old folks are supposed to be off by themselves criticising the world and its neighbors! I have heard people excuse themselves for not doing something that they ought to do by saying: "Well I don't care, I never can do anything right, I am not going to try." And others grumble about not having friends, "I don't see why everybody likes him! He has more friends in this town than I have in the whole world." And some again excuse slovenly dress and awkward manners with—"I just wasn't raised that way," meaning to be polite and neat.

Now if life is going to mean anything to us we must ask and answer honestly a few questions. "Do I deserve success?" Have I any qualities that can gain real friends? "Do I do my best at little things, that I may be ready for the larger if they come?" "Do I whine and find fault so that nobody likes to have me around?" "Do I keep myself so clean in heart and life that God can trust me with such gifts as health and friends and success?"

I think we ought to do as the merchants do—take account of our stock in trade every once in a while and see what new goods we ought to get in! Character making and keeping cannot be less important than store keeping, but most of us seem to think it will take care of itself.

Suppose that this year we plan to have more things to be thankful for by the time 1900 draws to a close. And it wouldn't be a bad thing to aim at giving some other folks greater cause for thankfulness!

"Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning. Here is a beautiful hope for you. A hope for me and a hope for you."

This is one stanza of a little poem by Susan Coolidge that I like very much. And here is one from Lowell that is describing the noble woman, and the spirit of it is just as good for the boys.

"She doth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise.
For naught which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The letter which our friend has sent us this week contains some advice on the subject of farming, so we insert it under this heading.

A Letter from Sile.

DEAR CITIZEN: I heard a man say once that if our foresight was as good as our hind-sight, we'd get on a heap better in this 'ere world, an' when I think about Pal Williams it makes me think it's so. It's just the other way with a pig though. It sees the way into your corn field every time, but you can run your legs off after it, an' it can't see the way to get out!

But speakin' o' this 'ere Williams, he ain't got no foresight at all, seems like. He killed a hen 'tother day what had only laid two eggs on her litter. He never thought about her layin' a dozen eggs the next three weeks, an' still a bein' fat an' good to eat.

But I want to tell ye 'bout his timber land. Most of his land is down on Blue Jay, but he has one piece 'o knob land up here above me. His uncle give it to him nine years ago after he'd cut it off for tan bark, an' now there ain't nothin' on it but a lot 'o saplings an' some trees the size o' round wood.

An' now what does Pal do but cut off all them little fellers, 'cause he got a chance to sell some wood!

"Pal," says I when he come by 'tother day with a load, "how much do ye get a cord for that ar?"

"Dollar a quarter," says he.

"An' how many cords do ye 'low you can cut up there?"

"Oh, 'bout a hundred, wood the size o' this 'ere."

"A hundred an' twenty-five dollars," says I. "Good for you, Pal. But then," says I, "how long will it take ye to cut an' haul it all down yonder?"

"Oh," says he, "I ain't aimin' to cut it all this year."

"Why not?" says I.

"Can't find nobody to buy it," says he.

"But if ye could, you'd sell it, would ye?"

"Yu bet," says he.

"Well then, as I ast ye before, how long 'ud it take you to put it in market? Ninety days, d' ye reckon?"

"Oh, maybe so," says he; "can't tell precise."

"Well," says I, "Pal Williams, let's you an' me do some reckonin'. I know you're good at arithmetic. If you was to leave them little trees alone an' just do odd jobs with yer team, here an' down at the settlement, how much could ye make in a month—\$50?"

"No, I don't guess I could," says he.

"Well, will \$35 suit ye?"

"Call it that," says he.

"Well then," says I, "three months is \$105 dollars, an' 105 from 125 leaves 20. All that them trees is really worth if ye cut 'em now is \$20, or less for ought I know. But we'll call it 20. Now let's you an' me take a look ahead. You're a young man, 'bout twenty-five, now, ain't ye?—and ye come from a long-lived family. Don't want to die before you're seventy-five, do ye?"

"Not if I can help it," says he.

"That's fifty year ahead," says I.

"Now what'll your \$20 be worth ye by that time?"

"I don't understand ye, Sile," says he.

"I mean, a dollar to-day is worth a dollar an' 6cts. next year, accordin' to simple interest, an' 'bout \$4 fifty years from now at the same rate. But we'll compound the interest an' guess it off at \$10. Now tell me, Pal," says I, "if \$1 swells up into \$10, what will your \$20 be worth ye by the time you make your will?"

"\$200," says he.

"All right," says I. "You're richer than you think you are, but a heap poorer than you ought to be. If you'd let that land alone for fifty years there'd be a thousand cords of fine timber on it. You know that, Pal. An' I know, even if you don't, that timber's gettin' scarce every year an' it won't always sell so dirt cheap as it does now. Them thousand cords will fetch ye at the least reck-onin' \$1 a cord right there on the knob, without your swingin' an axe for it, an' you're just fixin' to be \$800 poorer by what you're doin' this fall. Keep to work," says I, "but better work at su'thin else."

"Now you looky here, Sile Shingles," says he. "You're smart at figgerin', an' can twist me all up. Maybe it's like you say, an' maybe it ain't. But what if it is? A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, an' I ain't pesterin' my head about my old age, not yet I ain't."

"Well," says I, "some people are that way, I know. I know a feller what 'ud rather drink whiskey ten minutes now than go to heaven a thousand years by and by. I do believe. But you ain't that, kind. You're a church member, Pal, an' do a heap o' thinkin' about your future, spiritually considered, which is the best thing a man can do. But it wouldn't hurt ye much, I think, to study a little more about your future, temporally considered. It's about the same thing," says I, "only a heap smaller."

But Pal is still a cuttin' them little small baby trees.

Yours truthfully,

SILE SHINGLES.



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